Puy Foods When in Season

OMEN often force tradesmen to misrepresent goods by demanding foods out of season and by their prejudice against cold-storage goods. A turkey killed and properly stored in November-when the birds are at their best-for example, is better in April than one killed in April when in poor condition .- From Good Housekeeping Magazine,

The Girl He'd Marry

WHAT SORT IS SHE?

Mothers Can Glean a Good Deal of Valuable Information from This Advice.

himself.

to help him over his had places and

he didn't know anybody to do it, so

he turned right around and helped

some one over her bad places. In

trying to cheer Bess, making life

a little more livable for her, he

made it infinitely more livable for

Bess had managed to put herself

through high school with a little

help from ah aunt and a good deal

of work, taking care of babies, run-

ning errands and doing odd jobs

Now she was taking two courses at

college in the intervals of waiting

on table, and she thought that she

could manage to put herself through

a four year course in six. Rodney

Her tenderness appealed to him.

A contemplation of her troubles

made him forget his own. And so

he fell in love with her, and they

were married, and I hope they will

If this were a story, I should lay a

great deal of stress on the gradual

growth of love, on the romance of

it alf. But it is just a little study of human nature, and I hope all mothers of boys will read it and let it stimulate them to a bit of think-

If your son wants to marry a girl

whose faith is not his, whose tra-

ditions and training and ancestry

and environment and family and

circumstances in life are all other

than you would have them, don't

immediately insist on breaking up

Not every poor girl is a design-

ing adventuress; not every socially

unknown girl is bound to be a han-

dicap; not every girl of ordinary

family is a "common little thing."

Nor, on the other hand, is just any

rich girl sure to be a splendid wife,

nor is every girl of good family

cound to be a beautiful character,

nor is every cultured, well-educated

girl the material from which a lov-

Give the girl your boy wants to

marry a fair chanc. Meet her and

refrain from anubbing her even if

she is shabby. Let your boy feel

that you are being square, that you

have his best interest at heart and

won't snobbishly drive him away

from what he longs to possess not

yet selfishly deprive him of his hap-

Rodney Brown has sworn that ne

will never again speak to his mother.

"I was almost grateful to her for

spoiling my love for Rachel because

that saved me for Bess," he laughed

boyishly, "but she has said things

about my wife that I am never go-

Perhaps some day Rodney and his

mother will be friends again. But

in the meantime there stretches be-

tween them long, arid, bitter years

By Ira S. Wile, M. D.,

Associate Editor American Medicine

and Member N. Y. City Board

of Education.

add your mite of sweetness
to her siender supply of sugar.
You are fond of candy—enjoy
your tea or coffee with two or
three lumps of sugar in it—delight

in heavily iced cakes. Your cravings for an indulgence in

sugary dishes are normal expres-sions of a bodily need

Sugar is properly popular, It is palatable and nutritious.

Do you eat seventy pounds of it each year? This is approximately

the per capita consumption of sugar

You can safely cut down your use

Sugar has been cheap until re-ently and you have eaten more of than your nutrition required.

Possibly you have used sugar

largely as a condiment-to impart

You have lost the real essence of cereals by putting large quantities

salads, in beverages, on berries and fruits-for purposes of altering fla-

Sugar is not a condiment Condi-

ments lack direct nutritive value.

If your children are accustomed to using sugar as a condiment, dis-

continue the use of a teaspoon and use a shaker for adding sugar. This

will lessen the amount eaten for

condimental purposes.

Sugar is too valuable a food to be wasted for the sake of the palate.

Sugar is a source of power, heat,

Granulated, pulverized, loaf sugar

e alike in food value. Their use particular purposes is largely a atter of personal habit.

vigor, energy.

ar on them, have taken sugar on your

a pleasant flavor to foods

in the United States.

ND now you are asked to save sugar. France calls upon you to

ing to forgive."

ing help-mate may be made.

admired her grit.

live happy ever after.

A Chance to Think.

the match.

By Beatrice Fairfax.

667 TS a shame. Rodney Brown seemed like such a splenaid young fellow and now he's married a little waltress in the restaurant where he got his meals in Cambridge. Mrs. Brown's perfactly wild. She feels that Rodney's spoiled his whole future. Think of it! Throwing away his college education and his family econections on a waitress. His poor

A group of us were sitting out on the country club veranda, knitting for the Belgians, and from the paroment the Brown situation began to be discussedd, the gray aweaters met with more drop stitches than I should have cared to sount! Everybody had a beautiful time being sorry for Mrs. Brown and thinking up nasty things to say about the designing minz Rodney's wife must have been, and of how tragically the boy had spoiled his

I met Rodney a week later and with him was a sweet, refined-looking little girl, whose adoration for her big, young husband was spiendid to behold. She was frightened when Redney introduced us-looking for slights, for snubs, for sneering patronage. And so, of course, I took two hands instead of one and gave ner the warm cordiality and enderness any human being ought to feel for a little, frightened, hurt,

quivering thing. Rodney and Bess had dinner with me that night and the girl's dainty manners, refined voice and sweetness made me wonder about her story. Just exactly why had she undertaken the heavy, exacting physical work of waiting in a restaurant? She seemed a mental ereature—the sort of girl who would earn her living by teaching or secretarial work rather than by earrying heavy trays of food to a let of reystaring college boys.

Rodney's Story.

In the weeks since our first din ner together Rodney and Bess and I have grown to be firm friends and it is at their request that I tell their story. Redney is twentty-eight-he graduated within recent years from the law school at Cambridge. (His name isn't Rodney Brown and Cambridge isn't his college town-you can see that we have to use a few fictitious names to make up for the real live human facts of his story.) He set up a practice in the college town where he had spent so many happy years and waited for clients. And clients de not come a-running to young lawyers, you know.

The first two years after Rodmay Brown's graduation from college he had rather a bad time of it. He had not gone home because there was a girl there of whom he was so fond that it hurt. But his mother had lashed herself into a fury and then wept herself into a decline ever Rodney's infatuation for Rachel Morris.

"It will kill me if you marry. get of your religion. Rachel's traditions aren't like yours, her train-Smg isn't the same, her people are impossible. She won't be happy with us, you'll be minerable with her. Oh, Rodney, Rodney, you're all I have you'll get over this infatution, but I'll never get over it if you marry Rachel," was the refrain of Mrs. Brown's every word.

She almost said it in her sleep Rodney saw his duty and gave Rachel up. All that happened during his just year at law schoolbut he couldn't go home to all the memories of Rachel Morris. There wasn't a path in his home townthere wasn't even a street car line without its memories of Rachel.

Rodney had two lean, lonely, poor years in Cambridge. He had given up his heart's desire or his mother, but he couldn't let her pay him an allowance, he couldn't take her money. On one of her visits to Cambridge, Mrs. Brown told Rodney of Rachel's marriage. And it was then that his lonely heart began looking for sympathy.

In the restaurant where he ate, because he liked keeping 'n touch with the college spirit and the college boys, there was a little waitress who was very sweet and quiet. Samehow Rodney felt / sympath; in the very gentleness with which she unfallingly set down before him the hot milk he liked in his coffee and the wafer-like silces of lemon he wanted for his tea. You never had to tell Bess anything twicethe comembered. She served things saintily with a certain pride in her

Sympathy is often a growth from suffering. Redney needed some one

Arother Thrilling Instalment of "The Hidden Hand" Tomorrow



SISTERS ALL

By STELLA **FLORES**



One Must Work While the Other Plays

HO has ever thought that on her birthday there might be others celebrating the day for the same reason? Why do we always think that on our day of nativity no one else but ourselves was born? There is a span of twelve conscious hours when are crowded out all thoughts of everything but what relates directly to ourselves. On that day we are important.

Ruth and Roda were both important little creatures on their sixteenth birthdays. Each thought she was the sole possessor of that glorious day. Perhaps if each had known of the otehr's existence each might have been happier; perhaps it might have made them sadder. But both spent their days in such a totally opposite manner that a glimpse into each other's lives would have seemed to them like looking into a different world.

Ruth was none the less exhibitrated because she was forced to go rath was none the less exhibitated because she was forced to go to work on that momentous occasion. On the contrary, the expectation of ending the day with a party kept her in high spirits all through her work. She was an errand-girl in a department store, and sithough her hours were always long she had been given leave to go boms early that evening so that she might prepare the miniature festivities which her few friends were going to help her enjoy.

While she was at home cutting and molding the festooned sand-wiches which were going to be the first course on the menu, Roda was sitting in her blue and lavender boudoir before her dressing-table ar-

ranging her luxurious curis in proper proportion to look well for the theatre-party she was giving in the evening. After the last look had been pinned in place, she hurriedly pulled open the drawer of the table

been pinned in place, she hurriedly pulled open the drawer of the table and then furtively and with the minutest care drew out the daintiest box of most delightful smelling face powder. Never before had she used any and she had been promised by her governess to be allowed to buy some when she was eighteen years old.

But on her shopping tour one day she had seen this beautiful box lying in state in a window lined, with soft lavender velvet. She rang for the chanffeur to stop, and while her governess (she really call her "companion" now that she was older) was in another shop. Roda hopped out of the automobile and entered the store. of the automobile and entered the store.

As the sat at her dresser patiting the first specks of powder on her little turned-up nose, she glanced satisfyingly at the other purchases she had made that day; pink sachet in a lavender box to match her room, cologne and tollet-water and even a little manicure arrangement to match the set. She had hesitated at rouge and lip-salve because she knew herself that no coloring could improve the peach-bloom tints in her cheeks and carmine color, on her lips that were already there.

Seated in a box later on at the theatre, Roda believed herself to be the happlest girl in the world. Seated at her little kitchen table lit up with sixteen candles and herself surrounded by some of her girl friends from her store, Ruth believed herself to be the happlest girl

Their Married Life A NARRATIVE OF EVERYDAY AFFAIRS

Delicious Potato Puddina

H ERE is a food conservation recipe: Mix into a stiff paste two pounds of potatoes boiled and mashed fine,

one pound of flour and a little salt. Tie in a wet cloth

dusted with flour, and boil two hours. Remove cloth and

serve hot with a sauce made by simmering together a tablespoonful of jam, a tablespoonful of sugar and water.

Warren Says He Won't Be Home to Dinner and Then Arrives in an Effort to Test Helen.

66T REALLY cant' say, dear, un-

"Why," saked the teasing voice across the frire, "are you two making separate engagements these days?"

"No," said Helen hesitatingly, "but we've been so stocked up with engagements that Warren com plained last week of never having a chance to plan an evening for himself."

"Oh, I see," laughed Anne understandingly. "Well, suppose you tel-sphene him and ask him if he cares about coming. Then you can call me up again."

Anne Redding or Anne Parmalee as she was since she had married Jack, was almost a stranger to Helen, and she wanted more than anything to accept the informal invitation to dinner there for to-merrow night. It was embarrassing to have to confess that she could not accept without first asking Warren. particularly as Warren himself was not playing fair. Hadn't he accepted the invitation to the Thurstons without winking an syelash right after he had given her, Helen, a leoture about accepting any invitations or making any plans without consulting him?

She knew that Warren would probably be irritated at being called up and would no doubt refuse to go out to the Parmalees at all. Then she would be forced to confess to Anne that Warren had another engagement and Anne of course would not believe her,

"Mr. Curtis, please," said Helen curtly to the stenographer. "Hello, Warren, is to-morrow night open for an invitation?" she began with-

out preamble. "Sure," Warren responded unusually good natured. "What's up. are you cross about anything?" "Oh, no," Helen returned coldly.

"Anne and Jack want us to come out to Jersey to dinner." "To Jersey, do they live ever

there now? "Yes, on the Palisades somewhere. Anne says it isn't as much of a trip

as it sounds and she wanted me to ask you if you'd come." "Why sure, why all the fuss about

"Well, Warren, you wanted me to ask you before making engage-

"O, are you still thinking of our conversation the other night? I had forgotten all about that. I just meant that it was silly to fill up every evening with engagements. Use a little bit of discretion about things, that's all. If you find that the week is too full, and we're not going to have an evening to ourselves, don't accept or make any more engagements, see?"

"Yes, I see," said Helen, unresponsively. She was about to ring off, more put out than otherwise, because she felt that Warren was

really right about it, when he stopped her with a "Hello, staere!" "You," she continued, "Tm nero; do you want anthing?"

"I won't be heme to dinour to-night," he centinued: "was just about to call you up." "Are you working?"

"No, going to stay downtown with the fallows for dinner and go to a "Very well, I won't expect you."

"Not angry are you?"
"Why no, why should I be?" Halen
esturned trying to speak naturally.

Somehow or other, try as hard as she could, she felt stunned and hurt. Yet she wanted to be fair and she knew that Warren really needed to got away from home sometin

"All right, then," he said cheer fully. "I may be a bit late, if so, don't worry."
"All right." And Helen hung up

with a little click. She felt sudden-ly restless and eager to be off somewhere. The house suddenly stifled her, she needed something to dis-tract her mind and there was nothing that presented itself.
"Why, how foolish I am," she

scoided vigorously. "Warren has stayed down to dinner plenty of times without my caring anything

"But he never told you so defiber ately," argued that still small voice within her. And Helen was forced to admit that he never had called her up and told her that he would be out all evening in quite so deliberate a manner.

She wandered into her own room and began to dress aimlessly. Then she went out to the kitchen to speak to Mary.

"Mary, you can take the evening off," she said tonslessly. "Mr. Curtis will not be home and whatever we have will keep. Just put Winifred to bed. I am going downtown

The idea of going down town to dinner had just occurred to Helen, but she thought with a sudden breath of relief that she could drop in on Carp and Frances and they would be glad to have her for the

She put on her hat and adjusted her veil, and as she did, the familiar key clicked in the latch. The next instant she turned to confront War-

"Going out?" he queried.

"Yes, I was," she said alowly, "what are you doing home?" Just for an instant, she had a brilliant idea of carrying out her plan and of going on out without vouchsafing any information on the subject, but the idea faded as Warren said suddenly.

"Well, I told you the other night that if I did want to take an evening off, you'd be as core as a crab. Thought I'd try you out this afterbait, didn't your"

The Vampire By Eram Stoker DRACULA, or

of misunderstanding-years that they can never get back. No woman has a right to let her ambitions for her son and her ideals for that son blind her to the fact that he is an individual who must be left free to live his own life as a man-rather

contains only one element of nutri

tive value.

Sugar is best utilized in connection with a mixed dietary that will furnish an adequate amount of fat, protein and mineral salts. Make sugar part of a meal instead of a

Sugar does not build up your tis-

sues.
For temporary use sugar may spare the protein tissue building spare the protein tissue building the succession of the succession of

od because it is quickly absorbed

mmediately available. \
Sugar will stimulate and is a use-

ful substitute for alcoholic stimu-lants for the relief of fatigue or exhaustion.

Did you ever pleture the candy store as the real competitor of the

Candy is too concentrated for

Candy is too concentrated for frequent use.

Give the children a little piece of candy at the end of the meal as a part of the meal—and do not permit them to eat quantities of candy

between meals.

The normal adult may eat four

ounces of sugar fally without suf-

fering ill effects.

Strong concentrations of sugar irritate the stomach, interfere with the action of the digestive ferments

and promote gastric distress.
Sugar frequently ferments in the
intestines and causes gas and diar-

Substitute honey, molasses, syrup,

maple augar for your usual aweet

Haive the sugar in your bever-ages, reduce your portions of candy, eliminate frostings, icings,

and makes its energy value almost

substances that would otherwise

utilized for developing power

immediately available

fering til effects.

etween-meals attraction. Sugar yields heat and energy to the body.

tive value

Y brain was all in a whiri, and culty by attending to something else only that there came I took the cover off my typewriter, through all the multitude of of horrors, the holy ray of ."Let me write this all out now. are hard at it. Mrs. Harker says after a while I came away; my friend of horrors, the holy ray of light that my dear, dear Lucy was at last at peace. It is all so wild, and sing when he comes. I have sent a mysterious, and strange that if I had not known Jonathan's experience in Transplyania I could not have believed. As it was, I didn't know what to believe, and so got out of my diff

every item put in chronological order. we shall have done much. You tell me that Lord Godaiming and Mr. Morris are coming, too. Let us be able to tell them when they come." Save Sugar and Save Lives You cannot sustain life on sugar alone. Sugar is not a general food. It

BEGIN TASK OF COLLATING DETAILS.

He accordingly set the phonograph at a slow pace, and I began to typewrite from the beginning of the sevnth cylinder. I used manifold, and

I had made cuttings, helped understand the terrible events Wilthy when Count Dracula landed, so I shall look through the eve-ning papers since then, and perhaps t sleepy, and the work will help o keep me quiet.

Dr. Second's Diary.

30 September.—Mr. Harker arrived
t 9 o'clock. He had got his wife's wire just before starting. He is un-commonly clever, if one can judge from his face, and full of energy. If ils journal be true—and judging by one's own wonderful experiences, it

ones own wonderful experiences, it must be—he is also a man of great Count. What then does thin nerve. That going down to the vault a second time was a remarkable plece of daring. After reading his account of it I was prepared to meet a good specimen of manhod, but hardly the quiet, business-like gentleman who came here today.

Stay: he is himse'f goophs ieman who came here today.

Later,—after lunch Harker and his in his wild ravings outside the chapel

Strange that it never struck me that the very next house might be the Count's hiding-place! Goodness knows that we had enough clues from the conduct of the patient Renfield!

write from the beginning of the seventh cylinder. I used manifold, and so took three copies of the diary, just as I had done with all the rest. It was late when I got through, but Dr. Seward went about his work of going his round of the patients; when he had finished he came back and sat near me, reading, so that I did not feel too lonely whilst I worked.

How good and thoughful he is; the world seems full of good men—even if there are monsters in it. Before I left him. I remembered what Jonathan put in his diary of the professor's perturbation at reading something in an avening paper at the station at Executive the same sort of index to the companies of the professor's perturbation at reading something in an avening paper at the station at Executive thing, and leave him free to do as he has been a sort of index to the companies of the professor's perturbation at reading something in an avening paper at the station at Executive the late of the Westminster Gazette and the Pall Mall Gazette and took them to my room. I remember how much the term of the professor's many propers. I sort was now and only had them earlier we might have saved the might have saved to trace that horrid cargo of the Count's to its place in London. Later, was how a whole connected narrative. Harker has gone back, and is again to father house have at the station, at Executive the same at the station, at Executive Harker has gone back, and is again to father have at least the save than the says that by dinner-time they will be able to show a whole connected narrative. I should see Renfield, as hitherto he has been a sort of index to the companies of the Count. I hardly see this yet, but when I get at the says that the control of the professor's perturbation at reading something in an avening paper at the station at Executive the same transmit and the same at the station, and brought the first hard the says that the sa

the boxes at Whitby and the carriers in London who took charge of them. He is now reading his wife's type script of my diary. I wonder what they make out of it. Here it is.

I think, and then—y 80 I came away. I mistrust these quiet moods of his; so I have given the attendant a hint to look closely after him, and to have a strait-waistcoat ready in case of need.

29 September, in train to London.— When I received Mr. Billington's courteous message that he would give me any information in his power I thought it best to go down to Whithy The bundle of letters relating to the purchase of the house were with the typescript. Oh, if we had only had them earlier we might have saved to trace that horrid cargo of the count's to its place in London. Later, we may be ab's to deal with it.

Billington tunlor a nice lad met.

Billington junior, a nice lad, met me at the station, and brought me to

Fall Mall Gazette and took them to my room. I remember how much the ballygraph and the Whitby Gazette, of which I had made outlined and the Whitby Gazette, of which I had made outlined to be benignly. At the manual to seen on the Count's table because his room with his hands folded, smiling benignly. At the moment he
seemed as sane as any one I ever
saw. I sat down and talked with
him on a lot of subjects, all of which
he treated naturally. He then, of his
own accord, spoke of going home, a
own level he has never were the seemed to have been preserved. own accord, spoke of going home, a subject he has never mentioned to my

own accord, spoke of going home, a subject he has never mentioned to my knowledge during his sojourn here. fact, he spoke quite confidently of getting his discharge at once.

I believe that, had I not had the chat with Harker and read the letters and the dates of his outbursts is shou'd have been prepared to sign for him after a brief time of observation. As it is, I am darkly suspicious All those outbreaks were in some way linked with the proximity of the Count. What then does this absolute content mean? Can it be that his instinct is satisfied as to the vampire's uitimate triumph?

HENFIELD RAVES MUCH

OF STRANGE MASTER.

Stay: he is himse'f scophagous, and

(To Be Continuer Tomorrow)

System For the House

By Loretto C. Lynch. 7 SRY recently, in a large city,

a young school teacher was called before the board of education to explain why she efused to teach her class a story laid down in the course of study. The story was one that emphasized the "cruel stepmother," whose coming had spelled extreme unhappiness to the children of the first wife.

"I cannot teach what I do not believe," she said, in explanation, "My mother died when I was fourteen years of age, and before I was sixteen I was blessed with a stepmother who is a fine woman. I happened to know the family,

and I want to tell you what her

extreme respect for her natural mother forbade her to make public There were six children in this family. The father provided liberally for their necessities, but had nothing to give them in the way of luxury. They owned their own home in the suburb of a large city. The neighbors remember Mrs. Firstwife as a worked-to-death woman. She was always hurrying. The children went to bed at any hour that pleased them, and those of school age always overslept. Att wished to use the bathroom at the same time, and in the midst of their blokering Mrs. Firstwife Giscovered that there wasn't "a roll or a speck of coffee in the house." This necessituted a hurried trip to the store by one of the late-rising youngsters, or sometimes the husband.

And so the family drifted along. But what a change when Mrs. Secondwife became mistress of that household! Of course, the unknow-ing said, "See how much better he treats her!"

But the truth of the matter was that the man of the house, because

had his salary reduced, and in conmanage with a few dollars less! A week or two of housekeeping

showed her about how many potatoes the family consumed. She figured out how much oatmeal, cornmeal, and other cereals were consumed. Then she began to plan meals for two weeks in advance. She ordered enough staples for two weaks. Semi-perishables, like

butter and milk, she ordered twice a week. Likewise she bought meats and fish, fresh fruit and vegetables about twice a week.

The youngest child was a girl of
two and the oldest a girl of six-teen. Four boys came in between

these ages.

The boys arose at seven in the

morning and each had a definite time assigned him for using the bathroom. The oldest girl bathed bathroom. The oldest girl bathed her little sister as well as herself when the boys finished. Breakfast when the boys finished. Breakfast was served at a quarter past eight and the children left for school at a quarter of nine. School started at nine and was but three blocks away. They were never late. They never rushed.

The children were taught to air their citching at night, to not

their clothing at night, to put soiled clothing in the laundry ham-

soiled clothing in the laundry hamper, and to help by arranging their
beds in the morning to 'air until
the time for remaking them.
So well planned was her housework that she had lots of leisure
for self-improvement, for an occasional nutting party in the woods,
or other outing, and she had time
each evening to be a companion to
the man who now never had to
"runh" to the store.
And "somewhere in France" two
American soldiers are dreaming of
the glorious boyhood they spent